Heat of Summer by apathetical

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Summary:

Hiding behind the bushes near Stan’s house with Jane Ives on top of him wasn't the way Richie had to planned spend his Saturday morning. It wasn’t what it sounded like. Unfortunately. [AU - Crossover]

Heat of Summer

Author's Note:

> Hi everyone! So this au more or less follows the idea that Terry Ives manages to get eleven out of the lab, but doesn't make it herself. Becky and Jane eventually move to Derry, Maine, where either terror or peace awaits them.

For once, Richie Tozier was at a loss for words.

All he could do was flail helplessly and digest the concept that this was really a girl's *thighs* around him. It was hard to think about anything else, he thought to himself vaguely as she used a hand to cover his mouth.

"Where is that little piece of shit?" he heard Henry Bowers mutter.

Jane had reacted quickly in shoving him into the rosebush; then they had tumbled out on the opposing side, concealed from that mullet asshole.

Her dress was blue today, the pressed and pleated skirt bunched around his waist.

Ringlets of hair dyed gold gleamed under the morning sun as the girl's head canted to the side, before an utter of,

"mouthbreather," came.

It would be remiss of her not to at least make an acknowledgement.

She dressed like a skirt of the skirts; one could tell just by looking at her. Even on the night they had met; running into each other after an encounter with — well, whatever the fuck that was, she had looked like that — all prim, proper and princess-like, only scared shitless. Like something soft and fragile.

But as her knees dug into the dirt without caution, it called bullshit on appearances.

There wasn't a thing the loudmouthed boy was afraid to admit: Jane Ives was a total babe. This was an opportunity as golden as her hair just to slide a hand under that skirt of hers, but he knew way better than to try that. She had once made Henry Bowers almost chew his own tongue off, he didn't feel like ending up with a broken arm was such a stellar idea.

See, Jane was special. And he didn't mean in some bullshit way a whipped guy would say about the girl he liked or anything— it was in the literal fucking sense. She could make things move. With her mind. She could make windows shatter, and bend a spoon without even touching it.

More or less, it was pretty fucking awesome.

The dainty palm clasped over his mouth lifted once she deemed it as ‘safe’, shifting lower upon the realisation that she was more likely to be seen.

Her chest was almost against his, *almost,* and for a brief, stupid moment, he was disappointed that it hadn’t been. Her mouth was dangerously, dangerously close, though.

A tilt of the head saved them both; Henry and his band of dumbasses seemed adamant, and Jane didn't seem too keen in prolonging this position.

Whenever she had that look on her face, the one where her eyes squinted a little and her brows came together, something epic or some scary shit was about to go down.

Ay dios *mio* , mami.

The branch above Henry and his goons started to crack. Holy shit. Hoooly shit. She was a brave one, a total fucking baddie, that Jane Ives, in her prim and proper dress and prim and proper hair and smooth, milky thighs that made his prepubescent mind whirl.

Some time in the future, perhaps not too long from now, Richie would explore every inch and crevice of what was under Jane Ive’s neat skirt. But now was the time for bumbling and impulsive

mistakes— those that were sort of unbecoming of the comedic persona of the freckled youth, but were normal if not expected from boys this age.

His hand — slightly dirtied — moved up, grasping her chin, drawing his mouth clumsily against hers.

Jane's eyes went wide.

THUMP!

As Henry Bowers would suffer a humiliating injury due to a tree branch falling directly on his head, Richie Tozier would lose his so-called 'lip virginity', lenses fogging up as Jane's lips lined onto his, her thighs still hugging his hips.

Yowza.